

WORDS

For an Entertainment at the

MUSIC-FEAST,

ON

St. Cecilia's Day,

Being the 22d of November, 1695.

Set to Music by Dr. John Blow.

Written by Mr. Motteux.

Perform'd by Two Choirs.

Great Choir of Heav'n, attend, and bear a Part;
We praise our heav'nly Patroness and Art.
Be grave, our Lays, then sprightly; soft, then strong;
Like the great Double Subject of our Song.

For St. Cecilia. I.

Cecilia, great by native Right,
As Angels pious, and as bright,
Rais'd charming Music's Fame.

For Music. II.

Music, by native Right divine,
Makes Beauty with new Glory shine,
And rais'd *Cecilia's* Name:

- I. *Cecilia* did our Art improve.
- II: Our Art encreas'd her sacred Love.

The Charms of Music made her long
To joyn in the Seraphic Song,
And her Example drew the raviht Throng.

So, when the Trumpet sounds to Arms,
Britons, whom Native Valour warms,
Are doubly fir'd, and doubly run to Arms:
To Arms, they cry, and all around
Ten thousand Braves return the welcome warlike Sound.

- I. *Cecilia* taught new Graces to the Choir,
And made all Instruments in one conspire.
- II. By Music taught, in her harmonious Mind,
All Vertues in full Confort join'd.

Faith, Hope, and Love the Trebles were ;
 Reason the Tenor still was there ;
 And ev'ry Part to grace,
 Humility the Bass.

- I. While the Musician serv'd the Saint,
 What could she ask but Heav'n wou'd grant ?
- II. When Pray'rs on Music's Wings arise,
 Heav'n, granting, does but sympathise.
- I. Let such a Beauty sing and play,
 Angels themselves will run astray !
- II. None by such heav'nly Beauty stray'd,
 'Twas Heav'n where ere *Cecilia* play'd.

Music's best Image was her Face :
 In ev'ry Feature, an harmonious Grace
 Disclaim'd the Ear, and thro the quicker sight,
 Inform'd the Soul with fierce delight :

Nay, Music's self in silent State was there.
 There reign'd the peaceful softness of the Flute ;
 The melting sweetness of the Lute ;
 The Violin's prevailing lively Air ;
 And moving Charms diffus'd around,
 Inimitable like her Voice ;
 With something solemn, like her Organ's Sound,
 At once to give and heal a wound,
 And, grieving, to rejoyce.

Grand Chorus.

*Hail, Music ! still our Thoughts employ,
 Love's Food divine, Life's purest Joy,
 Blest Speech of the Celestial Throng,
 Thou best and universal Song,
 Thou Wing of Zeal, and ev'ry Passion's Queen,
 Thou Spring, thou Rule, and Soul of Nature's grand Machine !*

FINIS.